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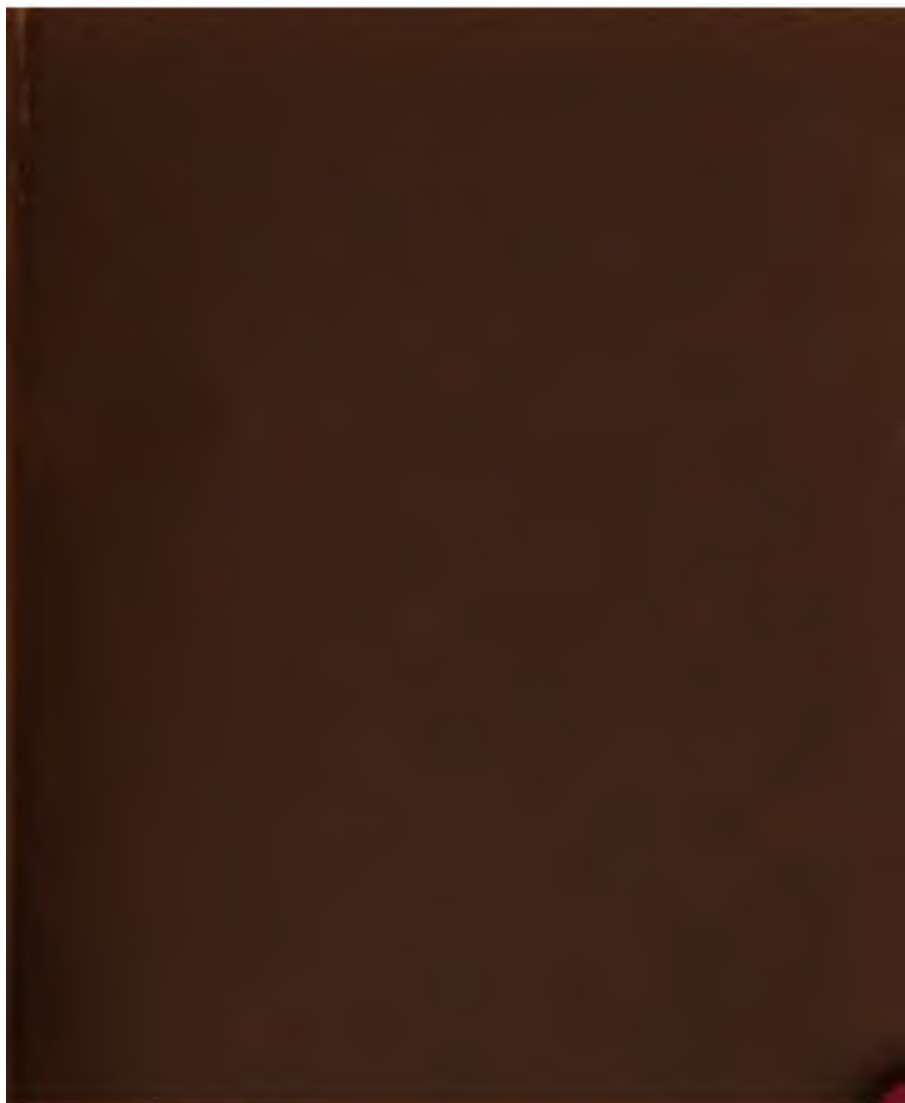


VERSES, BY THE WAY.



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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1999. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

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Verses, by the Way.

V E R S E S,

By the *Wasp*.

BY

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

LONDON :
WHITFIELD, GREEN, & SON, STRAND.

1865.

280. k. 171.



OF BEAUTY.

"ALL things are beautiful," the wise man said,—
"All things in their own time, are beautiful,"—
All that God makes, or does, or teaches us.
As Moses saw the bush that burn'd with fire,
So they who love and wait for Him shall see
His glory shining still in every place,
Where God instructs us as on holy ground,—
Where nothing that is common is unclean.

All life is beautiful :—the shifting cloud,—
The gliding river with its waving reeds,—
The opening buds that string with beads of green
The grim, weird, boughs that winter had despoiled,—
The lily's stem, thrust from the yielding soil,—
The gentle flowers that turn with conscious need
To fill their censers where all sweets do lie,—
The bright young eyes that shame our sadder gaze,—
The ship far out at sea, with graceful sail

Throbbing against the silvery, morning light,
Like some fond dove with wings outspread for home,—
The never-silent, ever-sounding, sea,—
Its grand old psalm, now loud and terrible
Like furious battle-cry, now softly breath'd
Like whisper'd vow, or gentlest hymn of praise,—
The music of the dear old forest trees,—
The glorious harpings 'mid the stately pines,
Standing for ever true, for praise or prayer,—
The whispers, sweet and sad, that careless feet
May win from oak leaves that have had their day,
And music make, both when they slowly fall
And gently lie, needing no burial,—
The wondrous orb that can behold all this,
And that most awful mind, or greater soul
Whose dread and high prerogative it is
To reverence Him who built the stedfast heavens,
Like some bright temple-roof begemmed with stars,
And spread, beneath, so fair a temple floor,
That men and babes might kneel and worship Him.

But He who made us loves to manifest
Himself, not only in the outward things
His hands have fashioned or His care preserved,

But in the hopes and fears and thoughts of men ;
Till His Eternal Beauty even shines
Where only human frailty seems to be :—
The brightness of the Father's glory seen,
Fairest, in that dear Son who knew so well
Our earthly path, our woes, and heavy care,
To teach us that the Majesty of Heaven
Does not disdain our earthly burdens sore,
Our trivial sorrows, or our human needs.
Thus all the common life of man receives
An undertone of music, since it manifests
Not man and earth alone, but God and Heaven.

All strength is beautiful that roots itself
In God, the strong and true :—the Father's arm
Sheltering the shrinking, trusting, little one,—
A mother's awful love confronting greed,
Or lust, or wrong, to save her own from harm,—
The barren rock—storm batter'd solitude—
An Eden fair, to struggling, shipwrecked men
Who feel its strength beneath their trembling feet,—
The unfailling blue,—the eternal stars, that stay
When clouds depart and earth's poor shadows flee ;
And, over all, the immortal face that looks

For ever on the changing ways of men.

But, none the less, is weakness beautiful :—
The head that learns to bend—the hand to lean,—
The chastened heart that comes home sorrowful
With that which gives a pathos to the tongue,—
The poor pale face that teaches men to bow,
And temper voice and thought to gentleness,—
And children, young, who lie at Heaven's gate,
And slowly, faintly, look and enter in.

And peace is beautiful :—the quiet sky
When storms are hush'd and the dear sun returns
Like some fond mother to the sorry heart,
To kiss the weeping world the cruel winds
Had all too rudely torn, and turn her grief
To shining laughter—laughing through her tears,—
The peaceful woods, far from the dreams of men,
Where dwell realities that men call dreams,—
The faces of the children in their sleep,
Tired with the pleasures of the garish day,
The sweet wild violets in their little hands,
The perfume of the woods and meadows green,
Still lingering faintly in their golden hair.

Comfort is beautiful :—the low-breathed words
Of him who comes when hope is dark and dead,—
The mother's pity that does not disdain
The trivial sorrows of her little child,—
The utterance, calm, of true high-priest who brings
The heavenly meaning of our earthly care :
For humblest faces then transfigured are
When, bending low to pour the healing word
Into the hearts of sad and sorry men,
They find "the angel of His presence" there.

O Thou ! on whose illimitable might
All lesser lights and lower gifts depend—
Who art the Fountain of our noblest powers
And Source of all that fair or holy is,—
To Thee, O Lord ! we lift beseeching hands,
And, from our sad unworthiness and gloom,
Cry, as the blind who sat beside the way
When once The Light past by and heard their prayer.
Behold, O Lord !—their cry is ours : that we,
Receiving sight, may know ourselves and Thee,
And dwell as sons at home, for evermore.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THE morning steals upon our sleeping eyes,
And gently wakes us with a touch of light
That softly bends to kiss our heedless lips,
As some fond mother comes, with sweet surprise,
To whisper low of secret joys in store.

And yet, not "secret joys," but woeful cares
Seem kept for us and ours in baleful store ;—
Hard tasks, and duties manifold, lift up
Inexorable hands that plead or urge :
Temptations ply their evil craft, and sin
Lurks in the very sacraments of life :
The good we do recoils upon the soul,
Oft thwarted by a bent of ill in us,
Though spared by cruel hands and hearts without.
The dark tide flows, bearing far out to sea,
Our little freight of daily words and deeds,
While God's fair sun, whose early smiling beams
 woke us, sweetly, as to festal hours,

Looks down on us but sadly through the gloom
Of lower clouds, earthborn and gross, that hide
Its glorious face and chill the heavy day.

“ Clouds hide ” the light ! but light is ever there.
Thus patient, waiting, hearts alone can learn
Why Nature’s morning smile that wakens us,
Seems often mock’d and cheated by the day,—
The woeful day, with all its sins and cares,
Its heavy ills uncured, its good unblest :
For we should know it *is* a morning kiss
From Heaven that wakes us, but for earth’s thick mists
And dreary shades, that rise between us and
The light that makes God’s messages all plain.

The very streets, clad in their sad array,
Borrow a glory such as valleys know,
When setting suns pour out their final rays ;
And clouds that hid, and shades that dimmed the light,
Catch up the fleeting glory, and repeat,
With added lustres and with splendours new,
The beauty of the sweetly dying day.

E'en so our life's dark day of hope deferred
May have an ending that shall well redeem
The promise of its happy opening hours :
And, with the rich repayments at the end,
Explain the half-betrayal that we feared.
The dreams and hopes of youth may be renewed
With fresh delights ; while lingering, lowering, clouds
That spoilt the day and shamed the morning sun
Shall take their place and crown the fading hours ;
And, catching tints of many-coloured light,
Shall make the evening calm and beautiful,
And send the faint heart home at last in peace,
While quiet stars light up the path to heaven,
And smile upon the fretted ways of men.

OF UNITY.

THE unity of wise diversity
 Is beauty everywhere, and truth, and power.
 The generous shade spoils not the glaring light,
 But kindly tones and gently fashions it,
 That it may be incarnate, and become,
 In endless forms, Expression, Life, and Power.
 For light hath neither form nor grace alone,
 But wanders, helpless, till the shadowy hand
 Marks out its limits and defines its power;
 And, to the primal fiat "Let light be,"
 Adds this command—"Let beauty, fulness, grow."

Not otherwise does Harmony become
 True Unity in meet diversity;—
 Though Melody may dwell in solitude,
 And sing or sigh her plaintive tones alone.
 Children and men, and voices loud and low—
 The organ's thunder, and the pipe's shrill cry,

With all that Nature gives and Art invents,
Combine to scale the Heavens with passionate cry,—
The HALLELUJAH of exultant faith,
Or AMEN of the spirit's victory.

And Nature's tender grace is never old,—
Immortal as her own eternal King,—
For that she weaves all her diversities
In Time's great loom, and gives to admiring men
The One in infinite variety.

“ One fold, one Shepherd,” so 'tis promised us ;
“ One Lord, one Faith,” one holy brother Christ.
Dream of all faithful hearts,—the saint's fond prayer !
Happy the eyes, in some far golden age,
That see the Temple rise—the Shepherd come,—
The ears that will drink in the music sweet,
When all unlearn dividing names and creeds,
And hush discordant cries of party strife,
And see the good and know the true in all ;—
All eyes rejoicing in the light of Truth,
All hearts responsive to the touch of Peace :
When each will learn from other's difference,
And all conspire, in love and charity,

To consecrate the Church a Home for all,—
A Church where Wisdom and Devotion meet,
And Science worships well with Piety,—
A Church delivered from “the strife of tongues,”
Waiting with meekness at the Master’s feet,
To mark His going and the way He leads,—
A Church whose ever-open, quiet aisles
Invite the wise, the gentle, and the good,
To bring their varied treasures and complete
The “fulness” of the Spirit’s unity.

“THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.”

How dear are all the ways of Holiness,
Where every offering of the poorest heart,
And every whisper of the feeblest tongue,
And gifts that men would count unworthy there,
Are beautiful to Him who condescends
To love where’er He condescends to know.

In His dear sight, how beautiful the thoughts
Of simple reverence in the little child,

Reveal'd in curious questions, manifold,
With breath of morning and of evening prayer,
Confided to a gentle mother's ear,
As to the only loving Deity
To which, as yet, those tender thoughts can climb.

How beautiful the maiden's holy dream,—
The half-unconscious, tremulous, prayer
That breathes like incense from the opening soul
Whose pure and gentle life is all in God,—
The hands that never touched the door of sin,—
The guileless heart unstained by breath of ill.

How beautiful the wanderer's shame, the tear,
The stammering of the poor untutored tongue,
The stumbling of the sad, repentant feet,
Unused to virtue's strait and narrow ways,—
The oft-repeated failures of the soul
Made sacred with what sweet repentances !

And beautiful the perfect, complete, man,
Whose knowledge, gathered from experience,
And strength and wisdom, won from constancy,
Aid, day by day, the steadfast conqueror,

And well direct the virtues of the heart.

Dear God ! how poor the best returns we bring,
When measured with Thy great immortal Love !
Tenderer than mother with a dying child
Thou standest by us in our living death :
And, e'er our lips can shape the struggling prayer,
Bestowest better than the gift we ask :
Receive the scanty gleanings that we bring
From such a golden harvest-field, O Lord !
And, in a clearer light and calmer world,
May we bring home this life which Thou has deigned
To love and honour so, that it may stand
Complete in Thee, and in Thy gentleness
Which makes us and our scantiest offering great.

OF OLD THINGS.

BREAK not away from things that old men love,
For God hath made them more than beautiful,
Since, on their stalwart arms are ever borne
The fairest gifts of sober-footed Time,
Who, with her dread, inexorable, word,
Stands Sentinel, to guard her sons from harm.

Graft well the present on the generous past;
So shall to-morrow blossom from to-day,
And all the circling, sweetly-chiming, years
Bring, on their silver wheels, the perfect time
That Seers beheld and Prophets long foretold.

The new-born shoots that crown the battered trunk
See farther than the ancient stem beneath,
And catch the first and latest beams of day,
And win the praises of the thoughtless crowd,
And give their precious fruits to grateful man :

But these reveal the gains of lingering years—
The fair inheritance of wealth and power
Won from the kindly suns and generous storms
That blest these patient arms with fruitfulness,
And dower'd with life the richer years to be.

“To him that hath,” this is the heavenly word,—
“To him that truly hath shall more be given,”—
To him who, with a wise and reverent hand,
Protects the root from which have greatly sprung
The stedfast things the father's greatly loved,—
To him shall all the golden years be given :
But, from the hand that spurns dear age and worth—
The impious hand that plucks the gray-beard down,—
Shall e'en be snatch'd the few green ears it hath.

Inherit life: Revere the reverend past :
That so the unveil'd ages may receive,
With added worth, the precious gifts we hold,
Not as our own, but His who sent us forth
To faithful love and service till He come.

FAREWELL.

Go to thy home, the Lord hath need of thee ;
His glorious, golden, Heaven were not complete
Without such gentle angel-forms as thine.
The greatly wise, the kings of men, are there,
And lay their fairest treasures at His feet ;
But it must needs be so that children bring
Their simple flowers and lay them with the rest.

In that dear world the best and fairest meet,—
The chosen souls of every land and time ;
But, there, the sound of little feet is heard ;
For in the happy streets fair children walk,
And Christ still loves them as in days of old.
Wise voices, and the lips of reverend men,
Trained here through many days of toil and pain.

Lift, loud and sweet, the glorious harmony
That would lament, and halt, as incomplete,
Were children absent from the sacred choir.
Thus God accepts the harmonies of Heaven,
As sweetest music in that sweetest home,
Where many happy, holy, voices join,
Of reverend sages and of children dear.

Go to thy home, then, fair and beautiful!
Go to thy home, O happy, songful soul!
Take all thy tender, gentle, music there;
And, for these broken songs and cries of earth,
Lift up, lift up, beneath a fairer sky,
The songs of Heaven.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

When dying GOETHE, calm, drew near
To all that mortals vainly fear,
 To prove what trembling mortals say,
His was the brave and kingly sight,
To see, far gleaming through the night,
 The dawning of the rosy day.

He saw, but, knowing heaven kind
Still keeps her brightest beams behind
 Nor spends her all on one fair plain,
His soul, that *ever* asked for more,
Whisper'd, before the palace door,
 “ More light ;” then stept within the fane.

So SCHILLER saw when SCHILLER died,
For they were brothers side by side,
 And worked together all the day;
He also saw as death drew near,
But *rested* in the vision clear,
 Nor thought to ask another ray.

Thus, in their death as in their life,
They held their course amid the strife,
 One way, yet with a varying mind.
One saw the light and called it fair,
The other stood as questioner there,
 And ever asked what lay behind.

“More light ! more light ! from age to age,”
Murmurs the thoughtful, dying sage—
 “More light ! more light on me to-day !”
“How many things grow calm and clear,
Sweet is the light—the day is here,”
 Whisper’d his friend, then passed away.

“THOU RESTOREST MY SOUL.”

IN days of old, in days of old,
How well I loved the holy fold,—
 How little cared to roam !
The first in duty as in joy,
No heart so glad to find employ
 That kept my love at home.

I left Thy love and turned away,
I wandered cheerless all the day,
 And homeless all the night :
I knew myself a wandering child,
Far roaming on the dreary wild—
 Far banished from the light.

Of peace and hope I lay bereaved,
I thought me of the love I grieved ;
 I knew not Thou wert nigh.
Each beam had sunk in doleful night,

Each feeble ray that blest my sight
Fell, trembling, in the sky.

I heard Thee calling me afar,
I saw Thy face beam, like a star
Breaking through hopeless gloom.
I heard, and fled from all my sin ;
Then didst Thou take Thy wanderer in,—
I heard no word of doom.

Safe sheltered from myself I lay ;
I learnt to hope, I dared to pray ;
Thy love disarmed my fear.
I knew the voice that spake my name,—
I blest the word that sweetly came,—
"Son ! be thou of good cheer."

The tasks I left once more I sought ;
I trod once more where I had wrought
For God, in days of old.
Once more the light gleamed on the place,
Once more Thy children saw my face—
A sheep within the fold.

I heard the Church's hymn again,
I learnt anew the sacred strain,
 And blest it with my tears.
Never so sweet to faithful men
Return the tones of love again,
 As to repentant ears.

Now oft I scan, at break of day,
The dreary wilds where once I lay,
 Bewildered and forlorn :
And then, as daily sunshine bright
Awakens fragrance and delight,
 So is my praise new-born.

Far loom the gloomy hills of doubt,
But, girding all my life about,
 Far stretch the plains of heaven.
Before I broke away from Thee
I loved Thee with simplicity,
 But now I love forgiven.

THOUGH thou art far from me, my life,
Though thou art far away from me—
I know not where thy home may be—
I know thy heart doth rest from strife.

And yet, however far may be
The holy land where thou dost wait,
I sometimes listen at the gate,
As though thou'rt coming home to me.

But thou wilt come to me no more,
But I, dear heart, shall go to thee ;
And thou wilt stay awhile for me,
And meet me at the Palace door.

And when the circling years have flown,
And life is ripening into death,
And thou hast kissed away my breath,
Then, e'en as lilies fully blown

Tremble to every passing sigh,
And yield their fragrance far and near,
And give to earth the night-born tear,
Then lift their beauty to the sky ;

So I, in faith, will take thy hand,
And turn my face and breathe my prayer,
And know that thou art waiting there,
To journey with me to the land

Where shades their ghostly face unveil,
And sorrows wear their crown of light,
While garlands deck the brow of night
In the dim distance growing pale.

Then shall we tread the sunny plain,
And stand together in the place
Where we shall see each other's face,
And I shall clasp thy hand again.

And we shall read the book of life,
And see how peace was bought by pain,
How losses brought their blessed gain,
How sacred courage grew from strife.

And we shall see the halls sublime,
 Made glorious for the men of old,
 Who fought their fight and reached the fold,—
The heroes of the ancient time.

And Heaven will gird our souls with power,
 To make our very toils our rest,
 To make our very wanderings blest,
To gather wisdom every hour.

For all this solemn universe—
 Its worlds and all its secrets vast—
 Will open to our souls at last,
With blessing for the ancient curse

Of ignorance and of useless quest,
 Of tearful search and fretted care,
 And rigid darkness everywhere,
And weary, hopeless, dull, unrest.

The wisdom of the wise shall flow
 Like solemn music in the ear,
 And the deep knowledge of the seer
Shall teach us all we longed to know.

And He, the Christ of Nazareth,
Shall lead us by the living streams :
And we shall 'smile at our old dreams
And wonder why we loved not Death

Who came an angel-guide to me :
And what we once called life shall seem
No better than a fitful dream :
And the old summer-days shall be

But doubtful shadows of the past,
Just chequered over, here and there,
With flattering beams an instant fair ;—
Glad to have reached our home at last.

Then will we tell our story o'er,
And build our newest melody
On the old sorrows of to-day,
And call life beauteous evermore.

How, fleeting, Lord ! are all things here—
 How fleeting yet how fair ;
For not a sunbeam passes by,
And not a ray deserts the sky,
 But leaves some beauty there.

How fleeting Lord ! and yet how fair
 Full oft our sad hearts know,
While things we care for most, and love,
Take wing and hurry far above,
 Yet bless us as they go.

But yesterday we hailed the Spring,
 And welcomed in the flowers ;
And now the winds go sweeping by,
And every mournful blast brings nigh
 The dark and cheerless hours.

So yesterday my heart look'd forth,
And all was bright and fair,—
I lay upon a sea of calm,
Nor dreamt of peril or of harm,
For peace was everywhere.

But all is dark and lonesome now,
And I look forth no more ;
For cruel wrecks lie on the strand,
And cruel night broods o'er the land,
They will see nevermore.

And yet my sorrow teaches me
That Thou art not unkind ;
My unbelief Thou wilt forgive,
And make me see they truer live
In what they left behind.

For now, at times, I think I see
A new world far away ;
I hear sweet whispers in my soul,
And, trembling in the distant goal,
I see the breaking day.

A PARABLE.

THE day is dark, and sad, and dreary,
And love is cold and faith is weary,
And the leaves are round us falling.

The year, too soon, is sadly dying,
E'er harvest comes the earth is sighing,
And cloud to cloud is calling.

The precious seed, cast forth with singing,
Returns, nor hope nor blessing bringing,
And the sower's tears are falling.

Ah, Lord ! behold our grief and sadness ;
Hear, Thou who once beheld our gladness,
Thy faithful servants calling.

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

“My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning : I say, more than they that watch for the morning.”
—*Psalms.*

The cruel night creeps on, with tardy steps and slow,
The weary, woeful night !
The heavy-laden hours oppress me as they go :
Sweet Light ! come happy Light !
Come, bid these shades release
My trembling breast.
Come, gentle Peace,
And bring and be my rest !

The tapers, dim, burn low, and look so loth to cheer
The lonely hours, e'en with their little hungry gleam,
What time the shades brood o'er my soul, shuddering with
fear,
And, with the light of day, shut out sweet Mercy's beam.

O Breath, sweet Breath of morning air !
Chill these hot hours ; receive again my thankful, new-born, prayer !
Give me again the welcome sound of human footsteps strong with life,—
The shouts of children at their play,—kind voices round my haunted bed :
Night is so awful, in its aching stillness, to the sleepless head.
Come, Morning sweet and strong, awake the world anew ;
end Thou my strife !
All things renew
With Thy pure light.
Give back dear faces bright :
Restore to me Thy roses wet with dew !
And Thou O Holy One !—Light of our darkest hours—nearest and yet unseen,
Since these poor eyes are all too weak to see Thy face ;
Come to these weary hours, and help me, by Thy grace,
To know, that through the dreary night, Thy messengers my silent friends have been.

COME AWAY !

Come away ! she is not here :
Earthly hope and earthly fear
Come not nigh this sacred bier ;—
Come away !

Come away ! that tongue is still :
Whisper low nor sorrow shrill
Can awake the sleeper's will ;—
Come away !

Come away ! a whisper sweet
Breathes above our dread defeat ;
She hath now a language meet ;—
Come away !

Come away ! her eyes no more
Drink the light they loved before :
Clos'd is now the azure door ;—
Come away !

Come away ! for beams divine
On that gentle spirit shine :
She is God's who once was thine ;—
Come away !

Come away ! her hand is cold,
Thine she never more will hold—
Gone the gentle touch of old ;—
Come away !

Come away ! with cleansèd eyes
See, with silent sweet surprise,
A hand that beckons from the skies ;—
Come away !

Come away ! let earth receive
What we neither fear nor grieve
To give, since Christ hath said " Believe ;"
Come away !

“HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.”

We praise Thee oft for hours of bliss—
For days of peace and rest,
But cannot school the heart to feel
That pains and tears are best.

We praise Thee for our quiet hours—
For kind and pleasant ways ;
Dear God ! when shall we learn to sing
Through weary nights and days ?

We praise Thee when our way is plain
And smooth beneath our feet ;
But fain would welcome rougher paths
And call the bitter sweet.

When rises first the blush of hope
The saddest heart can sing ;
Yet not for this alone, my soul,
Thy cheerful praises bring.

✱
Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
No heavy toils and pains—
No watchings and no weariness
That brings their precious gains :—

That bring their gains to faithful hearts,
In truer faith and love,
And foretastes of the perfect Life
Of our dear home above ?

O could we once believe the prayer
Our lips repeat in vain,
Then, as of old, we should “be still,”
And “walk with God” again.

Then every thorny crown of care,
Worn well in patience now,
Would grow a glorious diadem,
Upon the faithful brow :

“THOU MAKEST WINTER.”

And every weed of grief would change,
And wave, a blessed flower,
And shed its fragrance in our path,
To cheer us every hour.

And Sorrow's face would be unveiled,
And we at last should see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee.

“THOU MAKEST WINTER.”

In the winter of our days,
When the rough winds chill our ways,
When the sear and dead leaves lie
Underneath a shrouded sky ;—

When the summer-promise fades,
Yielding to the gloomy shades,
And, with silent awe, expire
Fainting Hope and cold Desire ;—

When our tender flowers of light
Feel the chill cold hand of night—
Feel the darkness close them round,
Sense, and life, and beauty bound ;—

When they pale before the gloom,
When they hear Thy whispered doom,
When their little day is done,
Hurried as a winter's sun ;—

May we nestle near to Thee—
Wait, and trust Thee faithfully,
Till that fairer sun shall rise
Where the beauty never dies.

GONE ON BEFORE.

GONE on before ! how may that be,
 When, in my grief, it seems to me
 That all *behind* lies our dead sea,—
 That not one ray of life's past day
 Goes on before ?

The wreck lies on the sobbing strand,—
 The once brave ship, the once fair hand,—
 I see their shadows where I stand :
 No hope for me till *memory*
 Can go before.

A little voice gave me reply ;
 I raised not up my tearful eye,
 I only knew that it was nigh ;—
 ' Can'st thou not *see* the memory
 That goes before ?'

I cleared my eyes of earthly stain,
And looked upon my wreck again :
A pure light made the message plain,—
 Light, from the skies, of angel-eyes
 Gone on before.

I rose up calm and comforted,
I knew that God was with the dead ;
' With Him I leave my own,' I said :
 For now, to me, their lives shall be,
 As gone before.

'Tis well for me that I should wait,
I will not blame the hand of Fate,
I rather deem my blessing great,
 Since life was crown'd when love I found,
 Gone on before.

Only, to me, when night draws near,
And heavenly hope meets earthly fear,
And shadows dim the faces here,
 Spirit of Day ! make plain my way :
 Go on before !

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